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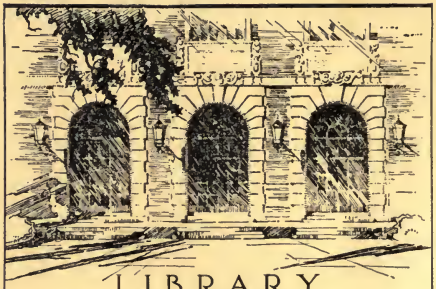
A Message from the Mountains

Ms Lunde



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A MESSAGE FROM THE MOUNTAINS

A MESSAGE FROM THE MOUNTAINS

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE ETHICS OF RELIGION, TRANSLATED BY MARGARET LABREY JACKSON FROM THE NORWEGIAN OF NILS LUNDE

A. C. CURTIS GUILDFORD
MDCCCCII

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Acknowledgement is due to Dr. Lunde for permitting this English form of his book. In order to retain as much as possible the simple, strong character of the Norwegian work, and lest something of the spirit of it should be lost in smoother English, the translation is almost literal.

CONTENTS

	Page
Duty	1
Wealth	5
Peace	9
To Live	15
Knowledge of Humanity	19
Language	27
Individualism	31
Resignation	41
Humility	47
Talent and Genius	55
Love	63
The Ideal	67

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DUTY

DUTY

What is duty? Love.

Love to that which exists, so that the semblance is dispelled. Love to the fool, so that he hears thy counsel;—to the wise, so thou rememberest his word;—to the strong, so that he wastes not his strength;—to the weak, so that he repudiates not thine help;—so that thou canst unfold a compassion which refreshes instead of wounds;—so that thou canst be grateful without phrases.

Shun no opportunity to withhold thyself from wickedness; even children and dumb creatures appear as witnesses against those who do not do good without ceasing.

Only one refinement increases the body's, as well as the soul's uplifting—that of the heart.

Only one luxury can we allow ourselves without fearing loss of life's strength—the well-being one prepares for others.

So long as there are pigeons there will be hawks, so long as there are hawks they will let themselves be lured by decoy pigeons.

Avoid sham; then will the brute give way and humanity appear.

What is happiness?

Not to hate; to love. Not to be loved; to waken love.

What is blessedness?

To perceive infinitude—to feel one's self nothing and yet an infinite eternal atom in infinity and eternity.

WEALTH

WEALTH

There are three kinds of wealth: material wealth, the wealth of intellect and the soul's wealth.

The first awakens envy and fear, the second, admiration or hate; the third wakens hearts.

The first despises others, the second itself, the third despises no one.

The first will rule, the second command, the third will serve.

The first wishes to be understood, the second to understand, the third eagerly aspires to know.

The first seeks happiness, the second shuns unhappiness, the third seeks out the unhappy.

Happiness, is to seek out the unhappy, greatness, to know one's littleness. Love, is to see through hate.

He only finds satisfaction who conquers passion. The greatest strength is knowledge of weakness.

How one can go astray in the world!

PEACE

PEACE

Many, very many, nearly all, live through life without even having their eyes opened to their own insignificance; yet the truly religious attain to a belief in it, attain to a belief in eternity. This gives a peace which passeth all understanding.

Who art thou who wilt attain peace? Learn to know trouble and forget not that thou art so little more than nothing.

Has not a great and a restless mind said, that experience is knowledge of that which one does not wish to know?

Unhappiness is thy constant companion; learn therefore to know thy comrade, turn not away thy face from his grief-worn features. Look into his eyes, look into his soul with open brow. Learn to know his kindred, those children of pain with the anguished look. Give them thy soul's calm confidence; let thy soul be filled with their sorrow.

How can one judge of the soul's growth? How measure the infinite

nothing? Beating about the bush does not lead to peace. Unhappiness is an apparition which only frightens those who dare not look it in the eyes.

Thou wishest to find happiness?

Thou wilt stumble upon it when thou hast gained the understanding that thou never meetest unhappiness on love's way, which thou callest duty, on duty's way, the name of which is love.

Show thyself no pity! Feel thine own littleness, sooner or later it will not escape thy attention; but draw near to Nature's master-works with reverence.

Everything on earth fades and dies, save the tree of duty only, which bears the fruits of love.

"Vanity of vanities" saith the preacher. One thing is not vanity, a humble consciousness of having sought the Creator in the created, a trembling perception of having found his track.

The grin stiffens even on the prince of evil when he meets duty's cross-bearer, and hell's hounds forget to howl. The hosts of wickedness are oppressed by

the incomprehensible, and the stabbing glance loses its sting, hence that gratified derisive laughter through hell's caverns, when a righteous man forgets his duty—then they understand him.

The spiritual host of wickedness under heaven is devoured by longing after the goodness which is not possessed by God's eye servants. They thirst after God. Let them behold God's emblems! Eye servants? O my beloved! Why should you burn for a nothing when there is blessedness for eternity?

The prophet Elijah found not God in the storm, but in the still small voice,—nor yet, perhaps, had the pagan Job caught God's voice before he too heard in the storm that same still small voice.

One of earth's supremest rulers thought it his most glorious task to be God's servant's servant. If thou art not king, try still to become minister in humility's kingdom.

Humble? Not to fools who think themselves to be something, be good to them, so that thou canst love them.

But to those who think nothing of themselves, be good to them, so that they can love thee.

Each of us has a little Jesuit hidden in a corner of his heart, "the intention hallows the means" — therefore the object only ought to stand so clearly before us that it permits pure means alone.

TO LIVE

TO LIVE

To live is to stab one's self with poisonous thorns —

Prudence—burn the poison out with a stronger poison—

Wisdom—use the poison as medicine.

To live is an art. One calls it seeing the ideal behind his work; another, harnessing a star to his chariot; a third, preparing his salvation with fear and trembling; letting earth mirror itself in the soul as in the falling drop—and eternity in the flying present; perceiving that life is complex enough without our trifling and making it more so; raising in one's earthly work an altar to eternity under heaven's starry dome.

He who chases after pleasure, pursues an empty sham. There is a natural craving for pleasure, which ought to be striven after, and thou wilt not be kept out of it by earnest work. He who will not work, neither shall he eat. Pleasure without work can never be anything but a makeshift.

KNOWLEDGE OF HUMANITY

KNOWLEDGE OF HUMANITY

Remember that thou canst never judge the erring so gently as they deserve. But if thou thyself possess any strength, then be not weak with the weak, but let thy strength come as their due.

Challenge not even fools with exaggeration! Seek to speak to each one in his own language; throw across a bridge from the best in thyself to the best in others.

Hate and vindictiveness—these rudiments from a lawless age's emotional nature — are feelings of such horror stirring ugliness that one even tries to hide them from one's self. They are like fungi, which grow in the dark and are filled with all the putrefaction of darkness.

One revenge alone is worthy of man; the removal of the sediment in which hate's cuttle fish envelops itself.

Fear, hatred, contempt are periods of stagnation in the individual development, in which however they can still be of use as steps since they act as thought-dams. The thought, when the hindrance has been vanquished, will have grown in strength and depth, and be able to carry along with it the elements which otherwise would have been lacking. The pity of it is that thought with many only reaches a dam and produces swamps.

A man's revenge shall be to trust in the feeling of honour of Righteousness; "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord. Let us not lay one stone to the burden, surely every man has his own to bear.

Better to be the Almighty's servant's servant than an impotent king of kings.

Humility is indeed the greatest strength, and lack of moral balance the greatest weakness. Bend thyself to the unrighteous and lay thine ear to his heart, thou wilt hear an old friend's voice. Bow thyself not to unrighteousness; that is a sin against humanity.

Glory in ambition, when gigantically as the elephant, it breaks a way in the primeval woods of research and feeling.

Bear, for the sake of ambition, even with fools who to attain the esteem of the multitude, renounce their own self respect.

Humanity differs, not only by nature and disposition but also because of the environment from which it has evolved itself. Still the individual difference is much less than it is usually admitted to be. However much evil naturalism has done with its shadowy suggestion of strength—one thing is sure, it has done much to rid the earth of the old prejudices which divided men into heroes, scoundrels and fools. When it, in return, makes them all into greater or lesser scoundrels, that is also a mistake which every one has full opportunity to correct by personal experience.

Nothing can in reality be more misleading than such a theory. For it is evident that no one—not even he who is about the blackest scoundrelism — does other, than what he, at the moment,

thinks to be best, that which in reality ought to be done. At the judgment seat of conscience, which after all, remains each man's last resort, no one will in this way be judged guilty of wrong doing against better knowledge, against really better insight. For a man at a later stage of his development, may find his proceedings at an earlier stage, not only objectionable but also inexcusable, founded indeed on a superficial understanding, similar to that wherewith one man judges another. It is possibly just because of the earlier false step that one has reached the higher understanding which condemns it.

It could with some right be said, that the only rascality of mankind is a tendency—partly against better knowledge—to throw rascality's tinge over other men's actions and motives. There are ten chances to one that any action, good or bad is ten times as well meant as is generally pronounced and a hundred times as good as an enemy represents it.

Let therefore no cowardice withhold thee from speaking out the truth when it

ought to be spoken, but withold thy heart's roughness from making the truth distasteful. Nine out of ten misunderstandings arise from saying of a man what one will not say to him, and all grow fat on self importance's well tilled soil within the poisonous enclosure of individual prejudice.

LANGUAGE

LANGUAGE

Certainly the tongue does not exist to conceal thought, as a professional liar has said, still it is an imperfect tool for revealing it. Language is the raw material of intellect and intellect is the mathematics of feeling. In speaking, it is as if we, with the help of mathematics could construct a language by which we could express our feelings to the inhabitants of Mars. We reset our feelings in the formulæ of intellect therewith to call forth the same feelings in other men.

When thou speakest, then do not forget that thou speakest not the whole of a truth; when thou convincest, then remember that thou art guilty of falsehood. In the garden of the heart destiny is the gardener. A man can, with the best will, only do service as garden-shears.

Development is a ladder on which the steps are alternately called intellect and feeling. Intellect imagines not, feeling reasons not; intellect sees nothing great,

feeling marks nothing small. The man is mad who does not let reason steer. The man is a fool who does not let feeling rule.

When one no longer sees clearly, one must feel one's way. Love is a feeling in which all others are absorbed. Therefore it is the kernel of all religion, all deep-felt recognition of the incomprehensible. Therefore love alone creates the only intelligible language between the soul and its neighbour planets.

INDIVIDUALISM

INDIVIDUALISM

The individual is an unconscious egoist, a simple despot, who is not yet awakened from the dream of self's sovereignty, who only in the heights of theory will acknowledge other men's equal rights to life's blessings and the sympathies of their fellowmen.

Resignation is the process by which the individual is converted to an individuality.

Pessimism is a lack of the faculty for resignation and leads to individualism.

If one did not feel one's self so forced by one's responsibilities to think ill of one's fellowmen, they certainly would not take so much trouble to justify one's views in this respect.

Doubt is revenge for disappointed belief. First one suffers injury, indignation causes injustice, one is guilty of doubting those who have done nothing to deserve it. This revenge still further sows injustice and disappointment between soul and soul, from age to age severing men

and poisoning society. Along this zig-zag course of deceit and injustice life is slipping away, until one pulls one's self together and cries, "So far and no further."

It is a great thing to feel one's self another man's superior. Greater is it to feel him as one's equal. The first does not indicate so much that one is above, as that one lives on the surface. The other is the qualification to sound the depth.

Prominent individualists are often of the sensitive plants' nature, by life's hard blows they are brought to withdraw into themselves, and lock the door of the heart from other men, whereby then these are misled to do the same against them. Since they cut themselves off from the direct way to the knowledge of humanity which must be paid for with like for like, they raise feelings differing from ordinary feelings, creating their own strange language; and since they thus leave feeling, the basis of intellect, out of consideration, they frequently acquire an ease of expression, a mastership in

handling language, the tool of intellect, which involuntarily leads on to the thought of the lacking foundation.

There is talk of the wiping out of individuality by moral law, that is public feeling, of a robust conscience as a qualification for the highest development of personality. A man of the barbaric ages would perhaps even in opposition to one of our time's more pronounced individuality, complain apparently with reason, over the wiping out of this quality. Club law, the law which men of former ages alone acknowledged, is certainly in and for itself of a more individual nature than judicial law to which a man of our age bows himself, without feeling his individuality detracted from. The strength of the barbarian was brutal bodily strength, that of the modern man is a well trained intellect; the barbarian advanced his claim by physical strength, the latter wins his triumphs through his knowledge of the world. Where has individuality the greater scope, with the man whose attention is swallowed up by keeping watch against the enemy, or

with him who lives under the shelter of the law?

Our modern individualist asserts the individual's sovereignty in ethics, the life's inner guide. But just as in its time brute strength must give way to intellect, so now the intellect loses ground more and more to the heart. Just as humanity formerly strove after a securer guarantee for its life and work than muscular strength, so now there is notified a stronger and stronger need of a power which can secure life's dearest interests better than by an expertness in hurling congealed thought projectiles. There is a movement towards more sympathy, towards more solidarity among men, demanding an intense knowledge of human nature which can be attained only by mutual reverential humility. Who can more securely unfold his individuality, the man who, intellectually speaking, must constantly defend it, revolver in hand, or he who is certain of his fellow-men's sympathy for all humanity?

There are men having much intellect and little soul; dwarfs in understanding

who in an unenlightened contempt of mankind attain great proficiency in intellectual fence. In their soul only one feeling, ambition, has grown beyond the germ stage, and for that reason they inevitably think of nothing beyond lacerating with cramped inky fingers, the most beautiful woven fabric of the heart. In their intellectual patch work the garish colours constantly encroach at the cost of the delicate ones, the modest is overpowered by the grotesque. Into their empty heart's bloodlessness, they draw the heart-blood from others and give it back in digested or undigested form, as their own more or less natural product.

This intense lack of understanding of the soul's higher mechanism is found among life's step-children, in whom an early soul-frost has stunted the springing shoots; still more among the spoilt children of fortune for whom a too indulgent fate, like a too warm summer, has dried up life's source.

Complete human life, the heart life, is lived just as little on society's heights as on its lower strata. Hence democracy's

infinite justice, hence the eternal victory of humanity, of sympathy.

The soul becomes empty under the individualist's sterile solitary life. The glittering thought petrefactions of the Schoolmen offer a poor compensation for the human heart's pulsing life. There is no human soul so poor but that he can by the reverent sesame of humble love open the door to a wealth of brilliant paradoxes and bewildering thought-associations, which in interest attain to, and in life's weighty truth far surpass, the most variegated thought-mosaic of the artist in words.

To respect the individuality of others, is the first step towards having one's own acknowledged. To assert one's self, is as far from being one's self, as affectation from naturalness. One-sided self-assertion is individuality's hobbledehoy age. Individuality can only freely unfold itself when self-assertion is a thing of the past.

There will arise a time when men will comprehend the truth, that there is no happiness in pleasure, but in work, nor

in wealth, but in self-respect; that there is an honour greater than dragging down some to one's level and treading others under foot—that of drawing them up to one's self and helping the fallen to their feet. A constant more watchful self-knowledge shall teach the individual how insignificant and worthless truth is when it is disconnected from its organic cohesion with society, and how it gains in life's fulness by heartfelt sympathy for the existence of others. A universal veneration for what is really great and good will more and more make written laws superfluous.

When woman takes her full share in the world we may venture to hope that she, with her superior sympathy and power to appreciate, will be a mighty strength in the battle against moral anarchy. We may even hope that the most sparkling meaningless fire-works, the most ensnaring artistry of words will no longer save the modern robber knight of the inkhorn from sharing the fate of his predecessors of the middle ages.

Man becomes creation's lord in the same degree that he is capable of raising himself above creation's tyrant — the instinct of self-preservation.

RESIGNATION

RESIGNATION

The fool is like an untuned instrument, his life in the beginning like meaningless noise. Later on possibly the separate strings will be more in tune, but without regard to any common key note. Then comes dissonance—pessimism. Some fools are fated to become wise. This happens when life with sufficient power and frequency strikes those strings which are not tuned together. If the strings do not break, one will, by harsh dissonance, be compelled to seek a common key note and perhaps find it.

An ill consorted idea arises from the careless use of the expression "the school of experience." Experience is no school, it is only one long inexorable examination.

Life will perhaps sooner or later try to shake thee out of thy lethargy. There are many who in this difficult case may free themselves from heaviness of sleep. The awakening may also be of a some-

what violent nature. Pessimism is a bad optimism and depends upon the over-valuing of self.

Resignation is for the individual what cutting is for the diamond. This is cut, as is known, only by its own dust.

Spare not an illusion, but show forbearance towards the man who is under its influence. To be saved from an illusion is to be healed of a sickness. The mind is heavy and the eyes dull as long as the misty veil of illusion closes up the outlook on life's stage. When first thou standest, stripped of all, in thy bare nothingness, poor as a beggar, humble as the helpless child, then will life surprise thee with its infinite riches. Self-delusion is but a delusion of the intellect, a mere empty sham, when that is gone, the heart will tell thee countless truths of life.

Deep earnest resignation is like a new birth. It is the soul which breaks the cocoon of form and with childlike wonder looks out on the world.

Resignation is not to relinquish but to gain in insight.

Resignation is not to give up the ideal but a beginning of its realisation.

Resignation is no end but a beginning; —a beginning of co-operation with a higher consciousness—with humanity.

Character grows, the moral level is raised little by little as one reaches to experience of and gains insight into the fact that the only thing really despicable is, not to follow one's most heart-felt convictions — that the only crime is to act against love's command — the only unhappiness, not to be able to bring others to follow it earnestly.

The dreamful spring haze of inexperience lifts and dissolves in the sun. The shining nebulæ of thought-forms break up into—suns.

HUMILITY

HUMILITY

The highest insight is insight into human hearts. It is reached only by humility.

The individual will continue to be society's enemy until self esteem culminates in humility.

The fatherland is only a parasite on humanity so long as there is given honour without righteousness.

To do good without ceasing, without thought of reward, without wish of honour, is life's desert, where the shoots of hope grow into palms.

Seek first the divine righteousness, then shall life be revealed to thee in its fulness.

It may well be that life seems poor and empty to him who sits in the cushions of wealth. He has everything to lose, nothing to gain.

The wonderful riches of life are opened to him who has nothing to lose, everything to gain.

The great ones of the earth do they know perchance the unspeakable blessedness contained in one flash of true human sympathy? Should a kingdom be able to outweigh a single glance into the divine centre of this life?

No one knows happiness who has not had the experience that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Blessed are the poor in spirit.

The soul is life's eternal enigma, Aladdin's eternal rusty lamp which when it is touched by the soft hand of a child has all the world's spirits at its service.

Unless thou become as a little child again, thou shalt never behold life's glory. What matters it to gain the whole world, if thou lose the bond which binds thee to it?

There lies less weight on what thou art, than how; what thou doest has less importance, than how thou doest it. The gold of the spirit, the jewels of the heart have a splendour more imperishable than treasures which are laid by in the bank's vaults. A word from the heart has a truer ring than the banker's

dollars and no one reaches the bottom of the hearts "claim" in vain.

Humility without resignation is hypocrisy; love without humility mere words. True humility is found in the heart, not on the lips.

Love is true which does not make itself false gods; it is freedom from the bigotry of self worship.

Resignation is a blasting, through the mountain of individual prejudices, of a tunnel of humility, through which the procession of love can pass from heart to heart.

For to wish to do good we must have love; to be able to do it—humility. But who is really humble without having thoroughly felt his insignificance?

On a large scale claim from thyself and on a small from others. For who knows if with another the small may not be great and the great small; such is humanity.

Humility is to build one's house on a rock. Humility is the only impregnable fortress on earth. Humility is the faculty of not despising any of the things which

one dare not deny that a God has created. Humility is emancipation from those prejudices—the individual prejudices, which most hinder an unbiassed vision of life. Humility is not to relinquish one's individuality but to develop and expand it by association with the neighbour planets of the soul. Humility is not to renounce one's fellow-men's respect, but to strive after that, which in intensity can compete with an honourable man's self respect.

Art thou afraid to believe, art thou afraid to doubt?—then learn humility! Who can wander longer in the dark when light shines to refute him from a thousand human hearts?

Thou who hast been successful and takest a pride in it, can perhaps trample under thee him whose times are evil and who has only evil to give. Do it not! After the sweet scratch comes the bitter smart. What foolishness is also so grievously ludicrous as when one fool revenges himself on another, raises himself over the other?

Thou who art good, do good to him who has only evil to give thee. Give thy

friendship to him who injures thee but guard thyself that it be not disdained. Remember that it is often easier to do well than to receive a benefit. In that rises a blessedness as high above selfish pleasure as is heaven above the earth.

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TALENT & GENIUS

TALENT & GENIUS

Want of reverence is the characteristic of talent, the breadth of intellect; while its depth, genius, is characterised by reverence. The former co-ordinates, raises or subordinates—it classifies, this is an easy way, by which knowledge —the building material of intellect consisting of fragments of comparatively no consequence — can be stored in the memory. The latter protests, acknowledges, explains—it individualises. Therein is required insight, the power of intellect to faithfully interpret and mirror changing phenomena and individualities, which never dares to allow its glance to be dulled by contempt. Intellect and clearness are the products of the touch of genius, which in impressario manner is transmuted by talent into brilliant indistinctness.

When want of reverence proclaims roughly, "there is nothing new under

the sun"—then reverence quietly adds "and nothing unchangeable."

The intuitive art of genius is the blending of various elements in the encyclopædia of humanity.

Art is a compromise between religion and science; beauty is a combination of the good and true. For only what one values, considers good, empowers one with the sharpened glance of love to give the impress of truth. Hatred and contempt give only silhouettes and caricatures.

Art has tried to restore the buildings which are crumbling under the merciless hand of science. There are many however to whom this seems to be too much trouble, so they content themselves with merely sketching the crumbling piles.

The types of fiction are a collection of smart conventional lies, only the most heartfelt sympathy is capable of giving a trustworthy picture of humanity.

Every successful work of art therefore will be like part of a confession of faith. The more a deep-felt conviction rings as harmony into the ages, or humanity's

spiritual life, the more will the life attain to the place of the monumental, the undying masterpiece.

This it is which forms the happy expression of a deep intense individuality which in the face of all and everything preserves a heartfelt sympathy, full of reverence.

The truly great of mankind are one for all time. The difference in intellectual structure between a Socrates, a Goëthe (the ripe Goëthe), is perhaps not extraordinary to him who will look beyond the unessentials.

The men who gave their names and impress to different periods, the founders of the schools, were usually such as must shout to be heard, quacks, who with ringing, piercing voices allured a greater or lesser part of the vagrant public.

A penetrating knowledge of humanity belongs more to a humble receptive heart than to a clear intellect, it is conditional more on the all-beholding intuition of the feelings than on reason which is always more caricaturing than characterising.

Woman, whose strength does not lie

in logic, judges as a rule more justly of humanity than men who always and everywhere must stretch their feelings and perceptions on the procrustean bed of reason.

The soft child-mind often receives a juster interpretation of the stranger, than the fully developed adult intellect protected by the scale armour of form.

A child nine or ten years old, saw one afternoon an elderly man step into his father's house. The man, who sold religious tracts and received commissions in advance for greater works, was not externally distinguishable from other itinerant preachers. He remained there for the night, received good entertainment and conducted prayers evening and morning, in which the people of the house shared with customary devotion. The child followed the man's proceedings from beginning to end with a secret idea which had taken hold of his mind at the first glance he exchanged with him, "it is the devil!" This idea the child has neither before nor since, connected speci-

ally with any lay preacher. It appeared afterwards that the man was a poor devil of an impostor against whom the newspapers contained warnings.

In poetry youth finds the ever new and often interesting history of the hero of childhood's fantasy at war with the commonplace, the knight of tradition, St. George, in close combat with the many-headed dragon of dull fact.—Man is a child without parents, hence this old-fashioned outlook.

LOVE

LOVE

Believe not in humanity, but in its good will. Doubt not humanity, but its power. A human being is usually neither better nor worse than thyself, he wishes the best, would do good, but has capacity often only for evil.

What one calls love is often a human idolatry which sooner or later inexorably ends in pitiful impotence.

It would be wrong to pretend love to him who only affects one by contempt or hatred. It would be as appropriate as giving the role of Hamlet to a school boy. Let contempt smoke and hatred blaze! But spare, if thou canst, thy brother, so he turn not himself away from thee before he can warm his soul at the glowing fire of thy love.

Philistines? They have been doomed ever since the strong man Samson smote a thousand of them to death with the jaw bone of an ass. Since when the battle continues as to who should expedite the

rest out of the world—a battle in which the Philistines have shared with hearty pleasure, in which presently they will stand alone.

With ordinary light we discern between light and shadow. With very strong light, the shadows disappear and all colours become light.

Love's sun is such a light.

THE IDEAL

THE IDEAL

The perfect man is destitute of evil—even the conception of it. The ideal is to have no ideal beyond listening to the deepest anguish of hearts.

The ideal may possibly be realised, but scarcely formulated. The ideal is reached by the individual when he has fought his way to an honest will to follow his most heartfelt convictions, the will to do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.

The road of the human spirit towards the ideal, crosses a bridge of honest conviction. Mistakes are, so to speak, the individualities in the autobiography of the human life; they cloud the understanding, even though a strong personality may for a time hold its course. If thou thyself art mocked, then no one is mocked; if thy conviction be mocked, then society is mocked; but if thy honesty be mocked, then is humanity mocked.

Undervaluation of self is impossible. Overvaluation of self is one of the rules most strongly confirmed by the exceptions.

When a man has gained the understanding, that the impress of his individuality alone has lasting worth when it is stamped in the pure gold of conviction—then has he reached the highest form of self-consciousness, humility.

The qualification for true character is to aim at a fixed course of life without allowing one's self to be beaten about by the capricious winds of varying self interest.

It would be a mistake to believe that love's hand always wears a silken glove. Love's hand is a working hand. See the tower builder Wergeland; see the miner Ibsen. What is Ibsen's work but a cry of distress thrilling the world from broken individualities? What is Wergeland's heaven and earth-embracing poetry—but a ringing through the ages, —Hold out! We come!

But—it will be objected—what should we gain, even though it could be at-

tained, by making life into an ever flowering garden beneath an eternal shining heaven? Must not the perfection which leaves nothing to be desired, nothing to be fretted at, nothing to improve or develop, become a desert of boredom and soul emptiness?

Thither one never reaches. Life will present enough difficulties though we combine together in untying the knots instead of working against each other; nor should one think that the intensity and power of the impulses of each individual soul, would be lost in allowing passion's turbid must to ferment and clear into the sparkling wine of understanding.

Peace, signifying undisturbed rest, is inconsistent with life in its growth, development and changeableness. But when in the external consciousness of the intellect, revenge does not escape its right stamp of unfairness, when stupid self boastfulness and needless want of feeling in any form, no longer lack adequate light, then perhaps will one be able to reckon on an energetic ally in the conscience of one's opponent.

Life is movement; a moral view of life ought to be a moving principle. Belief with the watchfulness of doubt, doubt with the true simplicity of belief, this is the perpetual movement of life.

Humility of soul and heart are alone necessary. Thither one can be brought by that faith in God which prepares its salvation in fear and trembling, but not by a disbelief which believes there is nothing to believe in. This, like all half measures, produces puffed up self sufficiency.

The knowledge which knows that it knows nothing, the love which has not a stone on which it can lay its head, creates the lawful child of God and humanity who has the will and the power to tread in the great Master's footsteps.

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